

# THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

FRANK FREYTAG  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING  
TELEPHONE..... MAIN 368  
Business or Editorial

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION  
For Year..... \$1.00  
Advertising Rates on Application

Address All Communications to  
THE OBSERVER, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Entered at the Postoffice in St. Joseph,  
Missouri, as Second Class Mail Matter.

## AMERICA NO USE FOR WAR

In a situation such as the present, when differences have arisen between the United States and Germany, the question now presented is: Shall our differences be settled by arbitration and conciliation—or by an appeal to reason and conscience, fortified by a reasonable lapse of time for sober second thought and judgment to assert itself—or by an appeal to force?

If we answer as through past history, it would, of course, be force, for that was the only thought of method in medieval days. But the United States, the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth, stands in a different attitude, for as the greatest pacific and non-military nation it has upheld a higher, nobler ideal. This American sentiment has reached its flower in the arbitration treaties of the present Democratic administration, which are fondly believed to represent the richest and most nearly enduring achievement of one of America's great men.

These treaties bind the contracting powers to submit any possible dispute to a joint commission of investigation and conciliation. They obligate the signers to not make any move toward war until the commission has been allowed a full year in which to propose an amicable settlement. They cover all differences over matters affecting vital interests and national honor, and we are bound by each treaty with Russia, France, England, and twenty other powers, but at the breaking out of hostilities Germany, having accepted in principle, had not entered into a formal agreement.

These treaties are now up for a test and all within the lifetime of the secretary who drew them, the president who sanctioned them, and the senate that approved them, and now that our government has clearly within its just rights by the law of nations, has made a demand upon Germany, which that government apparently is unwilling to grant, pleading national necessity, changed conditions, and the wrongs inflicted upon it by other governments as its excuse. It asks for discussion and investigation before a conclusion, which will mean peace or war, is reached.

The situation is, in a measure, analagous to that which precipitated the war in Europe. The Austrian heir apparent was murdered, as Austria believed at the instigation and with the connivance of Serbia. The Austrian government funds perceptibly demands upon the government of Serbia. Serbia evaded the issue, pleaded for time. Austria charged Serbia with trying with great issues and declared war. Russia promptly came to the assistance of Serbia, Germany to the assistance of Austria, and in the high court of Mars the merits of these conflicting causes are now in litigation, with practically the whole of Europe and large portions of the rest of the world drawn in as counsel for the prosecution or for the defense. In this court shrapnel and shot are the only logic, blood and destruction and death the only material facts. The verdict goes to the side that is the more determined, the more ruthless, and that has at its disposal the most ammunition and available resources.

Man proposes but God disposes. There is a destiny which shapes our end, roughs how them as we may. Is destiny a result of the reasoned processes and ethics of finite minds, or is it something beyond the reach of reason and the human will? Is there within the conscious self of man a subconscious other self that dominates, and that in response to impulses from unknowable sources determines human action when the crisis comes? Does it sweep aside for its own mysterious purposes, as mere chaff, all the reasoned conclusions that have taken form in theories and ideals to which men, in their weakness and ignorance and folly, have paid homage as to immaculate and infallible guides?

President Wilson and his cabinet, the American people in every farm house and hamlet and city, have now under consideration a specific problem, their final answer to which may go far to provide the answer to the broadly general problems just suggested. They have denounced the wickedness of war and extolled the righteousness of peace. It is no mere lip service they have paid to peace. It was not lightly and carelessly that they took their stand on the ideals the Bryan treaties embody. They acted with deliberation and with the assur-

ance that comes of deep-seated conviction. They know—they have the forgettable object lesson before them—what is war's awful cost; death to prosperity, death to human happiness; wreckage and desolation unspendable. If they should consent to pay that cost as Germans and Russians and Englishmen and Frenchmen and other peoples have consented, and in paying it consent to abandon the ideals that were cherished so long as they were untested, that man would be blind indeed who was unable to perceive the play of the unseen forces driving them on. It would be Fate's supreme act of irony that involved Americans in a war the wickedness and uselessness and meaninglessness of which, with such righteousness and superior wisdom, they had from the beginning denounced.

## THE FAKE CHAUTAUQUA SEASON

The time of year is now here when in the fake chautauqua is about to spread its sheltering wings over the small towns and villages of this section of Missouri, and a graft will be worked on the people. The time of the fake is at hand.

It is really shameful the manner in which these fakes are peddled off on the small towns. The larger ones, which arise to the dignity of small cities, fare better, for they can pay more and do receive some real talent—but the smaller fry—the Lord save 'em! What is it that they do not get?

Of course, no one can blame the smaller places for wanting to show enterprise and have some summer feature, and on this the graft "chautauqua" promoter works. He meets the leading citizens, talks glibly to them of such and such "famous attraction," and gently insinuates to his victims that "you know Frankly of course you do," and the aforesaid "leading citizen," in order to not disclose his ignorance, gravely acquiesces—and the fish is hooked.

The glib promoter saddles on the committee appointed, a lot of other "celebrities" of like caliber and equal unknown and useless capability, and then, making himself certain on his guarantee, posts off to the next village and again works in his barnstorming until, having a sufficient number of small towns in close proximity hooked, he is certain of big returns for the most mediocre and oftentimes mendacious "talent." Last year forty small towns in the vicinity of St. Joseph were on the fish line, and some of the "talent" given them could not have filled an engagement before a hobo society in the railroad yards here and held an audience.

Just as an example, it can be stated that these fake lecturers, impersonators, dramatic readers, etc., etc., which make up the small town chautauqua talent and "show big on the bills," are recruited from the most mediocre talent of the cities, who on account of their inefficiency, cannot find a place on an up-to-date chautauqua platform. They are generally jackleg lawyers who cannot make a living in their profession, broken down preachers who cannot get a charge, singers who have been rejected by the regular stage, and musical aggregations that could not draw a dollar and a half house in their home city. St. Joseph now has over a dozen "original" Dunbar Quartettes, Dunbar Bell Ringers—masquerading outside of the city and working the small town circuits as the real Dunbars. There are five lifeless lawyers, no one of which ever had a paying client here, on the small town circuit, posing as great attorneys where they are not known. Senator Mike Moran has forgotten more than the entire bunch now knows, but they have committed some other man's famous lecture to memory and palm it off as their own. This city has a half-dozen great "contraltos" and an equal number of "silver-voiced warblers" of the soprano persuasion now on the small town circuits, whose avocation while here is that of dining room girls in cheap restaurants—but then their assumed names sound well and look swell on the billboards of the small towns a hundred or so miles away—and possibly they please their audiences. Of course, if the small towns "fall for it," it is none of our towns "fall for it," it is none of our business, but there should be some protection for the people of the small towns against such imposition and deception.

It might be also noted, in speaking of St. Joseph fakes (but outside of chautauqua circles), that this city has a negro who is porter in one of the leading saloons each winter, who goes out each summer (and is now on the road) as a wild man for one of the leading railroad shows. Cameron has another colored gentleman who is a janitor there in the winter and is now on the road with a million-dollar show posing as an untamed and raw human flesh-eating cannibal.

## ST. JOSEPH CABS AND GENTLEMEN

It is some satisfaction to note that there are some gentlemen in St. Joseph who ride in automobiles—and again it is with some dissatisfaction that it is noted that there are some cabs in St. Joseph who ride in auto-

mobiles—and the latter pests, sorry to say, outnumber the former class by a large and seemingly ever-increasing majority.

It has often been remarked that it is easy to distinguish the cab from the gentleman by the action of the two on the streets and boulevards. The gentleman rides along in his automobile in a quiet, leisurely way. The cab dashes along the streets as fast as faster than the law allows, with his cutout open, making all the noise he can. That is the unmistakable sign of the cab. One can distinguish him from the gentleman four blocks away. The gentleman rides in an automobile with all the calm that comes from long association with the luxuries of life, with respect for the rights of others, whether they are pedestrians or riding in cars. The cab shows that he has never been accustomed to the luxuries of life and never had any training in the amenities that are common among gentlemen.

The cab drives as if every minute were worth a dollar to him; the gentleman as if he had plenty of leisure and could take time to enjoy the passing scenery. This is especially true out on the country roads, where the gentleman goes at such a rate of speed that he can observe all the beauties of nature. The cab never sees anything but the road before him and his mind is not on the scenery, however beautiful it may be, but on the swiftness of his machine and the spectacle he can make of himself to the wondering farmers along the way.

For our part we have so little use for the cab that we have to meet with an accident through some of his wild and vicious maneuvers, it is extremely doubtful if we could be persuaded to loan him the money to pay his surgeon's bill.

## THE STARS AND BARS

The long-debated question of who was the originator of the flag of the Confederate States—the stars and bars—was settled officially at the Confederate veterans' reunion last week.

The south is, of course, much more interested in this matter than the other portions of the country, and yet it is a subject of sufficient importance to make some pains worth while to set forth the historical data clearly. The point is one that was long in controversy, and has been settled by the adoption of the report of a committee which spent much time in collecting all the available evidence in the case. The finding is a satisfaction to that considerable portion of the American people who cherish the memories that cluster about the "lost cause," though without regret now that the cause was lost, and adds another hero to the list of those around whose heads the struggle of the '60s has cast halos.

Incidentally the roll of illustrious Smiths is lengthened, for it was a Smith who designed the Stars and Bars, the late Major Otten Randolph Smith of Louisville, N. C. A Smith wrote "America," and a Smith designed the Stars and Bars. And it the flag of the Confederacy is a painful subject for the North, there is a little solace in the history of the design as now made up, for it is stated that the love of the south for the old flag was so great that it was the purpose to make the new flag resemble it as much as possible and still be plainly distinguishable from it.

The time has come when the North can observe with full complaisance a Confederate celebration, and, indeed, not without a certain measure of sympathy in the devotion the South shows to the leaders of half a century ago. For the North, too, has come to think more of these heroes as time has increased its knowledge of them, and can readily allow a eulogy of them that is attended with frank confession of gratitude that the war ended as it did and an expression of fervent loyalty to the government of an undivided country.

## THE MISTAKE OF LORD FISHER

What are cabinets for? My business is to kill Germans enough to prevent Germany from winning this war. To kill Germans is the affair of seamen and soldiers, not of politicians and cabinets. Therefore I will work with neither Churchill nor Balfour as the head of the admiralty.

That is what Lord Fisher, head of the British admiralty, said just before he was deposed. Lord Fisher is undoubtedly a great admiral, but one of the best reasons why a great admiral should not be entrusted with naval administration is shown by the remarks of Lord Fisher.

"To kill Germans" is the immediate affair of seamen and soldiers, but wars that are carried on by democracies are won by parliaments and cabinets in spite of Lord Fisher's theory to the contrary. Civilians are generally better administrators than soldiers and sailors, although sailors and soldiers seldom think so.

We know from the experience of our own Civil war that Grant would have been an abject failure in Stanton's office, and that Farragut would have rendered a sorry service as secretary of the navy. Kitchener would probably have served Great Britain much better in the field than in the

war office, and Lord Fisher on the bridge of a dreadnought might have been more helpful than he has been in the admiralty. The place to "kill Germans" is at the front where the Germans are.

## IT IS REALLY NOT STARTLING

Well, after all of these years, it has happened—and it is not even startling.

With all of the family scattered over all of the country, the man has at last been found and the Smith family is trying to come into its own, for from Grand Rapids, Mich., comes the announcement that the Michigan senator, William Alden Smith, has proclaimed that he will run for the presidency in 1916.

What if his name isn't John? An inspection of any city directory (two have 114) or any church roll, or any tax list, will disclose that Mr. Smith will possess elements of strength that may well make intending rivals hesitate.

The wonder of it all is that the Smith family has so long contented itself in comparative seclusion while the presidency is open to any child born any day.

## CONDEMN DRINK BUT ADVOCATE TOBACCO

The cigarette people are becoming very prominent as advertisers in the magazines. The June Review of Reviews gives its back cover and the page next to the back cover exclusively over to cigarette advertisers. Other so-called high-class magazines are permitting themselves to be used very extensively by the cigarette makers. The Saturday Evening Post is a great medium for the cigarette then, Collier's Weekly, which has banished liquor and patent medicine advertisements, is long and strong on cigarette advertising. People teach their boys to abstain from cigarettes and read good magazines.

The above, from a leading newspaper, should be read with some consideration by those reformers who can see nothing but eternal damnation for those who use, or in any way sanction the use of liquor of any kind. These same sanctimonious preachers in the newspaper field, who hold up their hands in holy horror at the mere mention of liquor, willingly and eagerly grab for every dollar they can reach when it comes to tobacco and cigarette advertising, and some of them are interested in farms which produce tobacco, which in turn produces the death-dealing "pimp stick." All such money is "clean," according to their view of the case, but a beer advertisement is an abomination in their holy-seeing eyes. Any medical man who understands his business will tell you that the cigarette habit is the most pernicious malady with which a young man can become afflicted and that the use of the "coffin nails" will lead the victim on to drink and the drug habit.

Why take tobacco advertising, you "reformers," and decline beer advertising? Now more than ever Democrats and all good citizens should hold up the hands of President Wilson. It is not the time to talk of war, no matter how much you may think that you should. This country needs no war—and no one except the gun inakers and ammunition sellers want war—and if it comes they would say at home and sell the ammunition while you went to the front to be shot in order that they might sell more.

With a wheat crop which it is estimated will exceed the bumper crop of last year by 50,000,000 bushels, there should be no fear of a bread famine in this country. Somehow or other, that old doctrine that "the Republican party makes the sun shine and the crops grow" seems to be a trifle obsolete.

It must be really galling to the British to acknowledge that they have lost over a quarter of a million men when each London dispatch has always heretofore announced that "the enemy's losses were enormous, while our own were trifling."

King Victor Emmanuel was unperturbed when a shell burst within fifty feet of him, says a dispatch that the Milan censor approved. Perhaps but if the king had been scared into an ague, the dispatch would have been the same.

It certainly is a source of great satisfaction to every resident of St. Joseph and of Missouri to see the complete back-down of that judiciary committee which allowed a few spiteful and vengeful members to control its action.

Vic Murdock, the red-headed Kansan who retired from politics because he could not be elected again, says that the party of Teddyism and noise is still alive—just about as much as he is.

That reported break between Judge Ryan and Prosecutor McDaniel is more and better paper talk than reality. Both of these gentlemen know their duty—and will do it, despite carping critics.

There is much and varied comment in St. Joseph over Secretary Bryan's resignation, but the consensus of opinion is that the good old ship of state is not as yet either scuttled or sunk.

There is some merit in the suggestion of The News-Press that ex-President Taft be given Bryan's portfolio. He certainly would be more acceptable than Teddy the Noisy.

And now the prohibitionists are after Taft because he said that the states should regulate the liquor question. Taft was right, and the people will discover the fact.

Leo Frank, the Georgia murderer, has again failed in his efforts to escape the death sentence. Public opinion is much divided on his case.

The sale of St. Joseph school bonds at a neat premium is but another evidence of the stability of this good old city.

When it is announced that a treaty has been signed determining the "final" status of Mongolia, the world cannot help having that Missouri feeling.

Of course London and Paris and Petrograd and Rome all say that now that Bryan has resigned we must fight—which is to their interest—ONLY.

When the Housers see you, buy a book of hall tickets and help promote the team. St. Joseph can and should accord its loyal support to the movement.

The place for holding the next national Democratic convention has not been selected. Why not hold it in St. Joseph, where we could nominate a winner?

And our poor, hard-worked, old state department now has to try to find the pocketbook of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, lost at Salt Lake.

One sacrilegious cross proposed yesterday to harness Bryan and Roosevelt as a prohibition team for the next campaign.

Jesse Smith certainly has a tender spot, for he will not let the hobo at the workhouse crack rock until after the coming hot spell.

The Commerce Club cannot make that protest too strong against the finding of Colonel Deakins in the river survey matter.

Villa seeks a rapprochement with Carranza, and rapprochements are what Mexico has been needing for a long time.

As between President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, Speaker Clark probably will explain that it is none of his business.

Hurry up Mayor Marshall and fix those streets. The governor of Nebraska is coming and there are other reasons.

The county court is putting the roads in such shape that the most critical will not be able to find fault.

Every Democrat should see that Governor Morehead has a most royal reception on his visit here.

Shut up shop next Thursday and go to the lake and help the butchers, bakers and grocers celebrate.

Now just keep your clothing on after Germany gets that note. There will be no shooting.

And still the sun will shine and the grass will grow—if Bryan is not in the cabinet.

The United States is occupying Vera Cruz again, but this time with American corn and beans.

It is pretty hard to escape listening to a bacchanale at this season.

No matter if Bryan did resign—all is not yet lost.

How do you like your change of climate?

## Sayings of Missouri Editors

The Innocent Bystander's Luck  
The United States is having the usual luck of the Innocent Bystander.—Kansas City Times.

Where is That Slav Menace?  
Let's see. Did people use to talk about the Slav "menace"?—Kansas City Post.

Bill "Got His" Here  
Billy Sunday won't be obliged to go to the next world for his reward, as he is raked in about \$400,000 in this one.—King City Democrat.

Because It Is Properly Conducted  
The Burlington railroad in Missouri made 6 per cent profit on a valuation of \$50,000 a mile last year. This is not so bad, but then Burlington stock is not watered like some of the other

Missouri railroads.—Howell County Gazette.

Mighty Good Name Here  
What's in a name? The German-American National Bank of St. Joseph continues to do a good business.—Worth County Times.

The Preachers Kept Silent  
Not a preacher in town had the nerve to ask their congregation last Sunday to sing "There Shall Be Showers of Blessings."—Gallatin Democrat.

More Than Many Women Are  
Jane Addams says she is wedded to Peace. That is more than many married women can say.—Dearborn Democrat.

Worth More at Oyster Bay  
Dr. Wiley estimates the value of a man's teeth at \$1,000. A man at Oyster Bay has found them worth more than that.—Marcelline Mirror.

There Goes the Nobel Peace Prize  
Attorney fees on each side of the Barnes-Roosevelt libel suit are reported to have been \$40,000. There goes that Nobel peace prize.—St. Louis Times.

A Difference That Is a Difference  
The difference between Rockefeller and the milkman is that, while they both water their stock, the milkman always milks his first. Saw, bossy.—Milan Standard.

The Devil and Woman Suffrage  
Is the reminder that the first election was in the Garden of Eden intended as a slap at woman suffrage? The devil carried Eden by the woman's vote.—Boikow Herald.

And Then Barnes Will Leave  
Colonel Roosevelt says he is ready to return to the Republican party. When he does we rather suspect Chairman Barnes will branch out as a full-fledged Progressive.—Boonville Advertiser.

McClung Should Be Watchful  
The Post-Dispatch is over Warden McClung again. We don't know whether the warden owns a dog or not. If he does, he had better look out, or one of the P-D's sleuths will poison it.—Boonville Advertiser.

And Now Honors Are Even  
It happened in Chicago. Dad started to sing. Son commenced to groan. Dad kicked the tar out of son. Son filled dad with buckshot. Dad's in bed. Son's on the way. Honors are even.—King City Democrat.

Elbow Grease Goes With Learning  
A brief baccalaureate sermon: Here's best wishes to you all. And keep in mind by all means that elbow grease will do more than the big words you have just learned toward holding jobs for you.—Clinton County Democrat.

The Bodyguards Will Do Their Part  
The trip of the Liberty Bell to San Francisco will cost \$50,000, but not much of this is to be charged to freight. Most of it will be consumed by the bodyguard of Philadelphia patriots who are along to watch the crack.—King City Democrat.

Send for Your Partner Teddy  
There seems to have been an extra amount of rowdiness in Westboro lately. Just why it is so we are unable to say, for we don't believe Westboro "toughs" are any tougher than can be found in other towns, but it seems that our authorities are unable to hold them down.—Westboro Enterprise.

Is Not a Prohibitionist  
President Wilson has reaffirmed his position on the liquor question. He favors local option—local self-government—as a means of settling liquor issues and as a principal for the democrats to observe. He is not a prohibitionist.—Platte County Landmark.

His Chances Might Slim  
In a speech at Madison, ex-President Taft urges a single term for the presidency. We suspect, however, that he would not object to a second term and what's more his chances are not nearly so slim as some two years back.—Hopkins (Rep.) Journal.

This Also Applies to St. Joseph  
If some of the "moral element" in Milan will devote more time in studying the "good book" and less time in sticking their noses in other people's business, they will stand a better chance of not having to be placed in cold storage after death in order to save their rotten carcasses.—Milan Standard.

And the War Is Just Beginning  
There has been nine months of war, and it is estimated that 14,000,000 men have been engaged, that 1,350,000 have been killed, 4,600,000 have been wounded, and 1,600,000 have been taken prisoners. And apparently the war is just beginning.—Nodaway Democrat-Forum.